

To Mr. H. J. Morgan
with compliments and Christmas wishes
1902 from J. R.

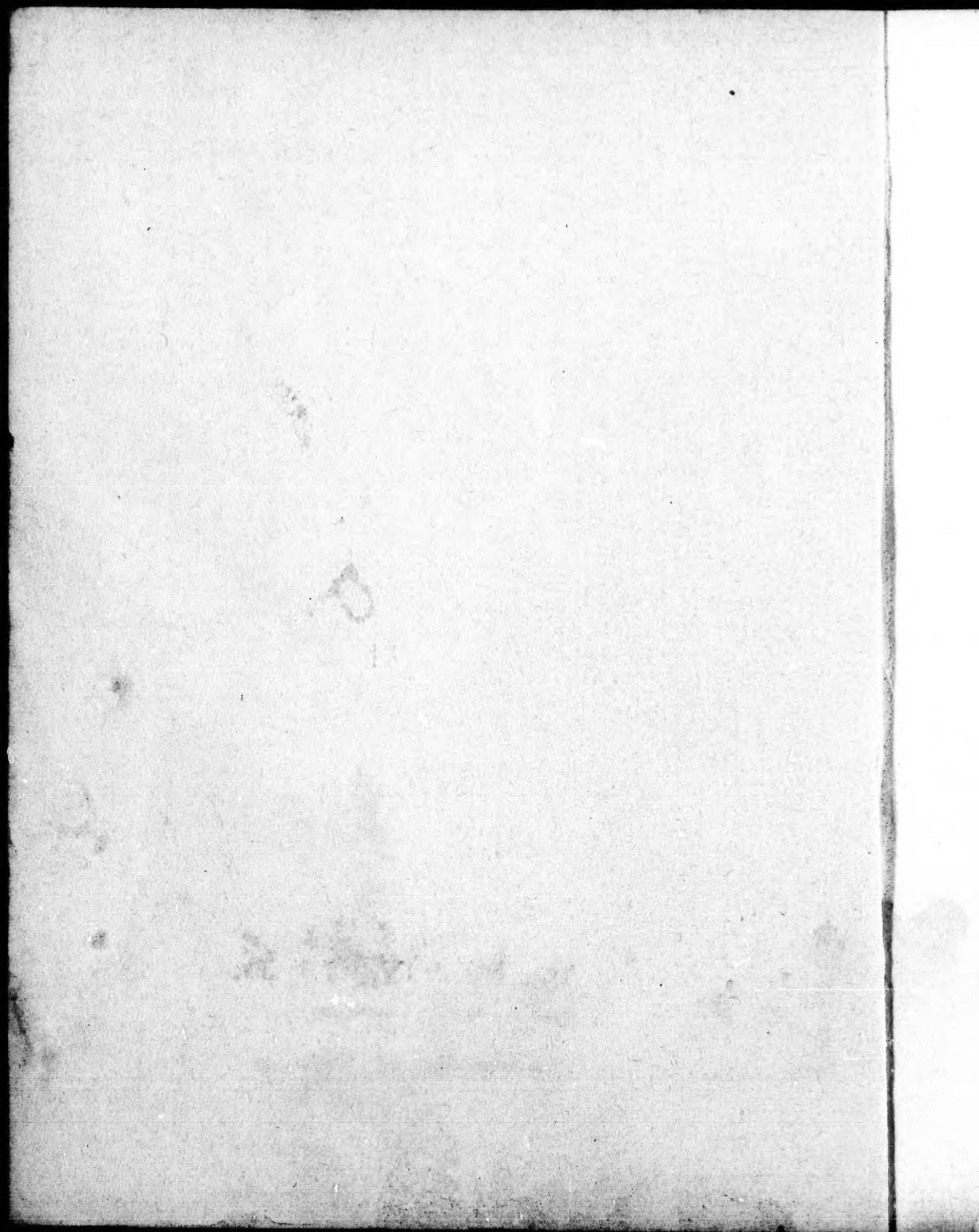
Let Down The Nets

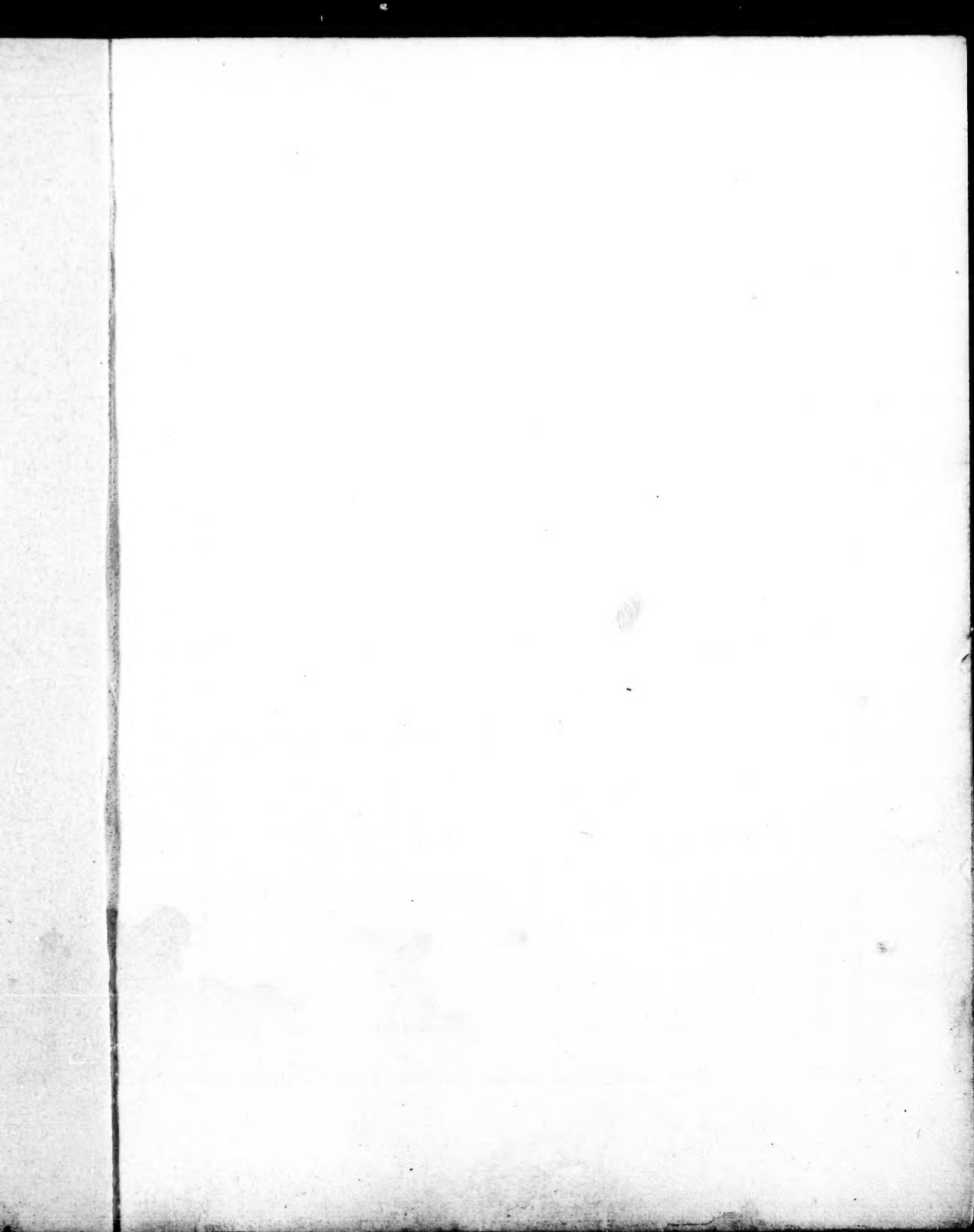
— And Other Verses —

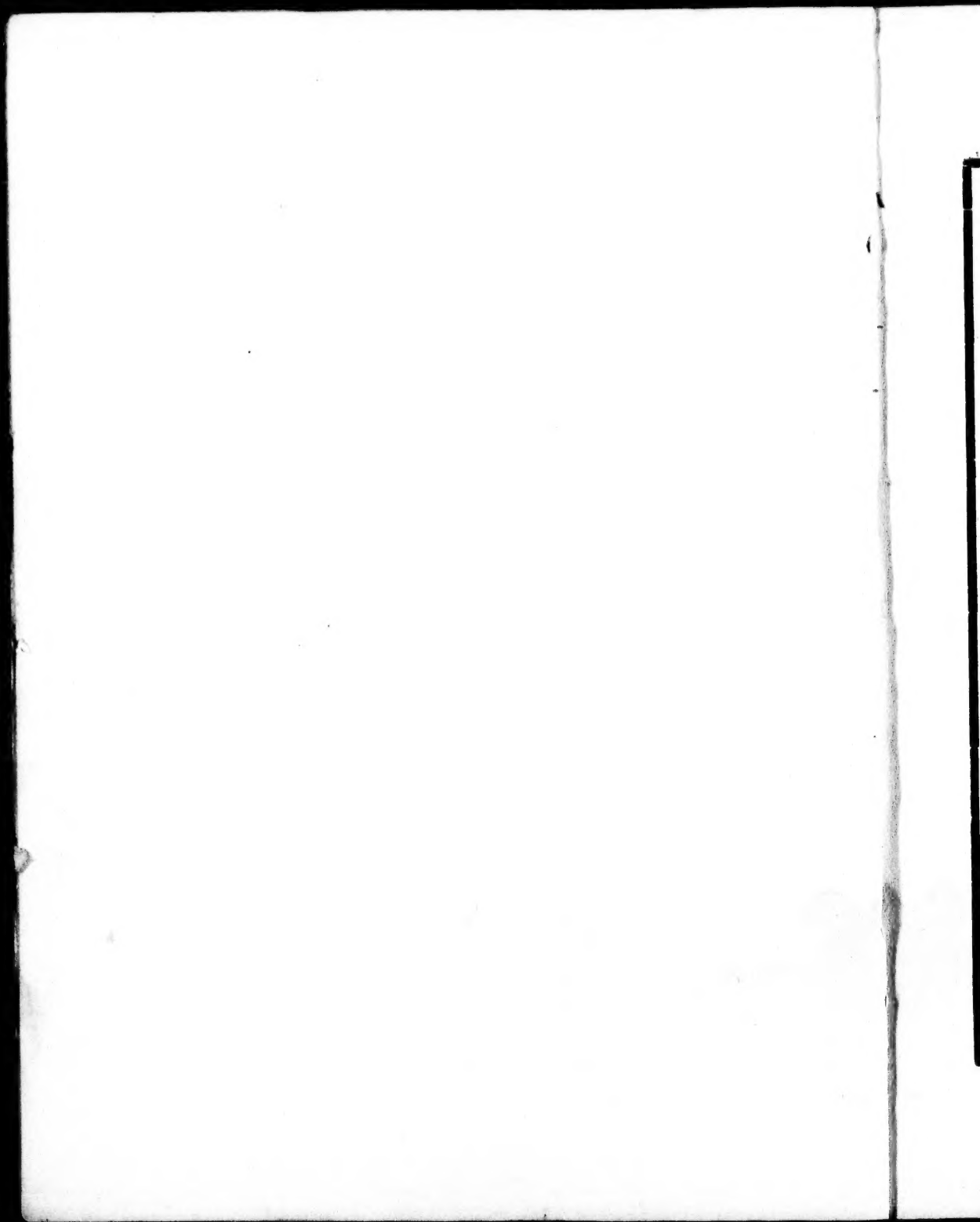


— BY —

REV. JAMES ROY, D.D.







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Let Down The Nets

And Other Verses



— BY —

REV. JAMES ROY, LL.D.

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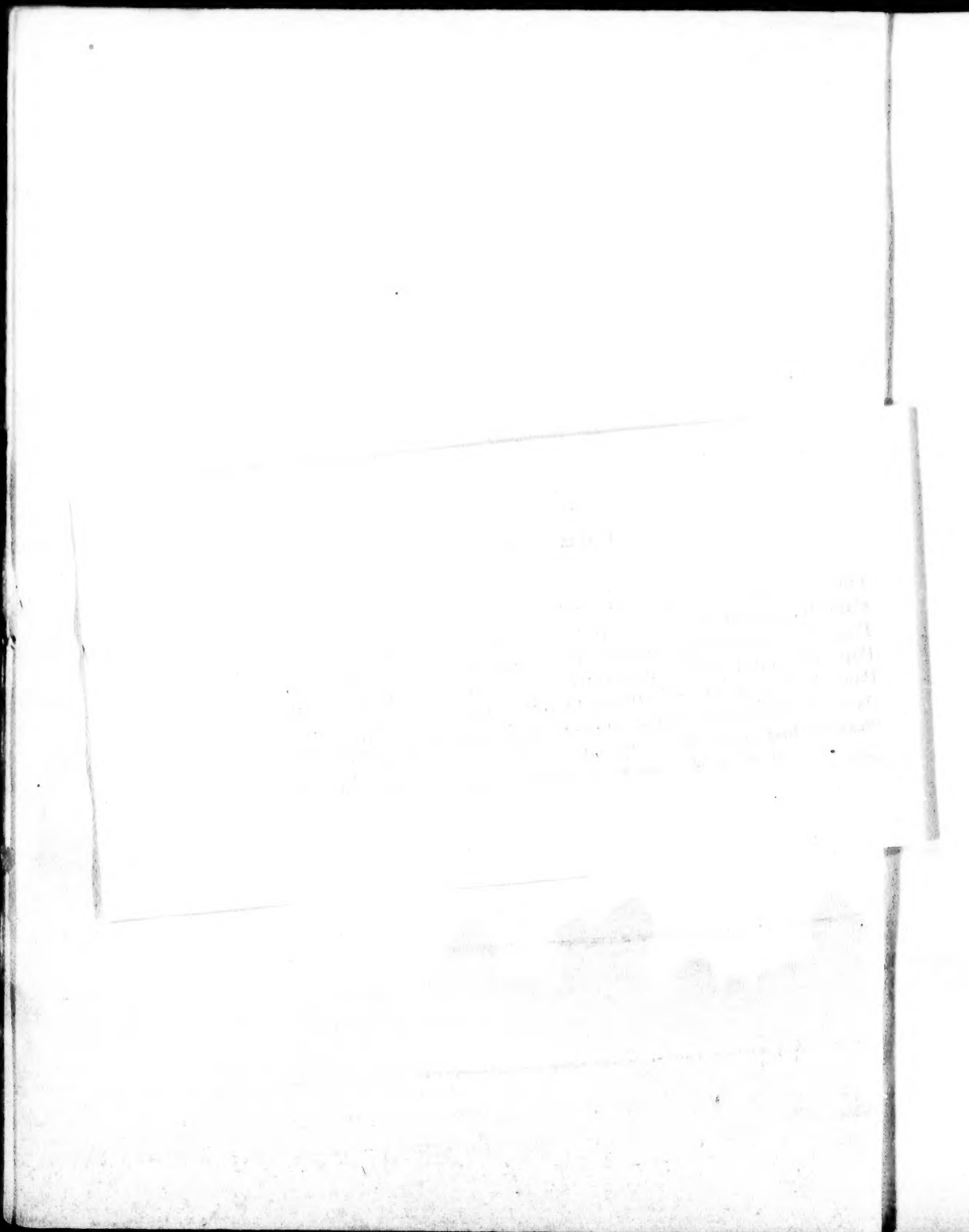
RELIGIOUS.

LET DOWN THE NETS.
CLOUDS AND SUN.
THE LORD THINKETH.
TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE MIRAGE."
HOME THROUGH THE STORM.
THE VOICE OF THE PERRIES.

ERRATA.

Page 12, fifth verse, last line, put "he" for "He."
Page 16, second line from top, put "was" for "Was."
Page 22, second line from top, put "Schönheit" for "schönheit."
Page 22, fourth verse, third line, put "bonheur" for "honheur."
Page 22, fourth verse, fourth line, put "un" for "une."
Page 27, third verse, third line, put "glücklich" for "glücklichh."
Page 34, last verse, first line, put "enfold" for "unfold."
Page 22, last verse, second line, put n'as for n'a.

TO PUSSY.
I AM NOT OLD.
LINES TO MISS D.
THINK KINDLY.
STONEY LAKE.
THE STORM.
THE AUSTRALIAN TWENTY.
WE ARE BROTHERS.
TO A MAPLE LEAF.
LINES ON GOLDWIN SMITH'S "GUESSES."



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THE VOICE OF THE PEBBLES.
O LIGHT OF LIGHT ETERNAL.
TO THE TRINITY.
CHRIST AND THE BLIND.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

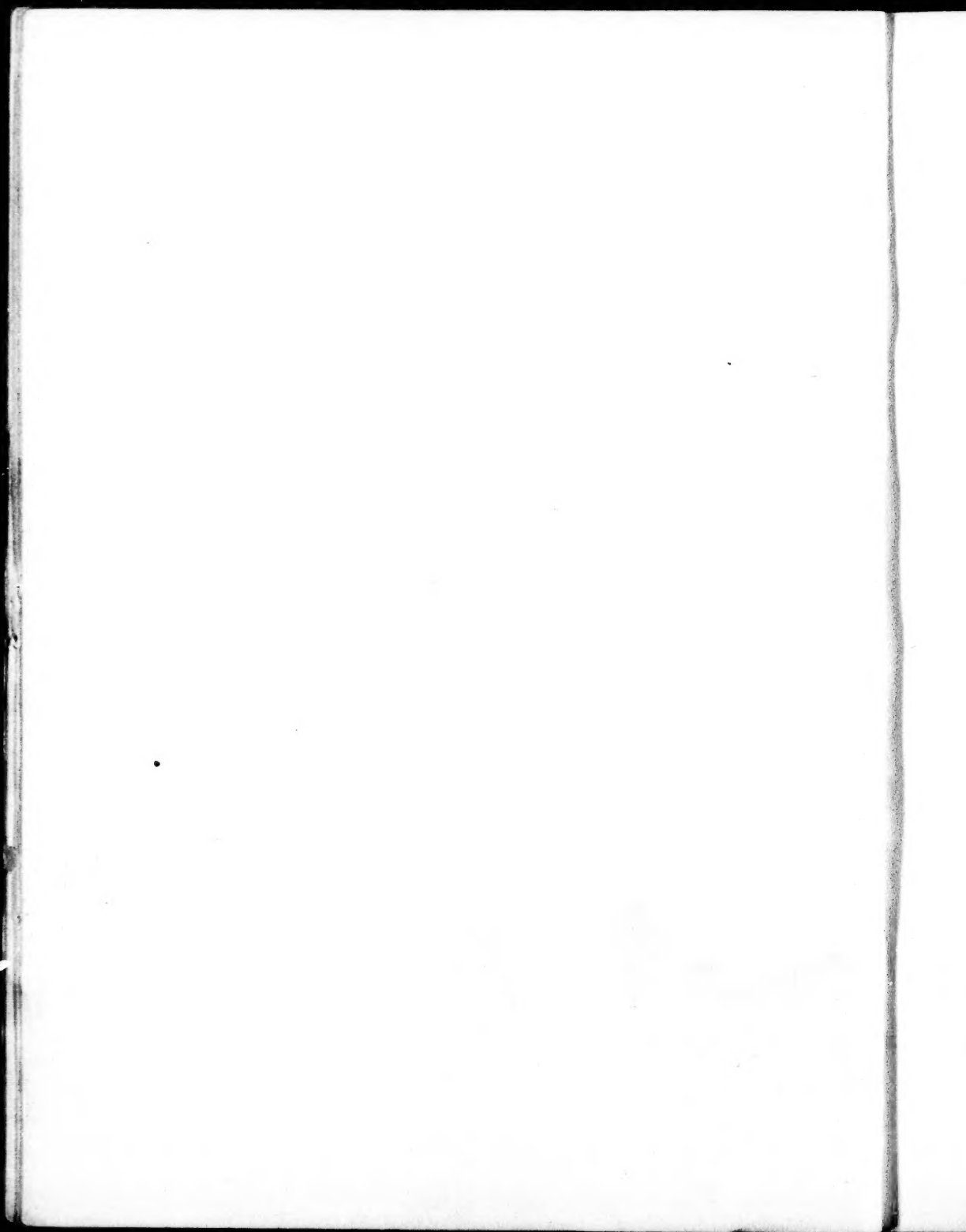
LE SOLDAT CANADIEN.
SCHÖN VÖGELLEIN.
BEAU P'TIT OISEAU.

TRANSLATIONS.

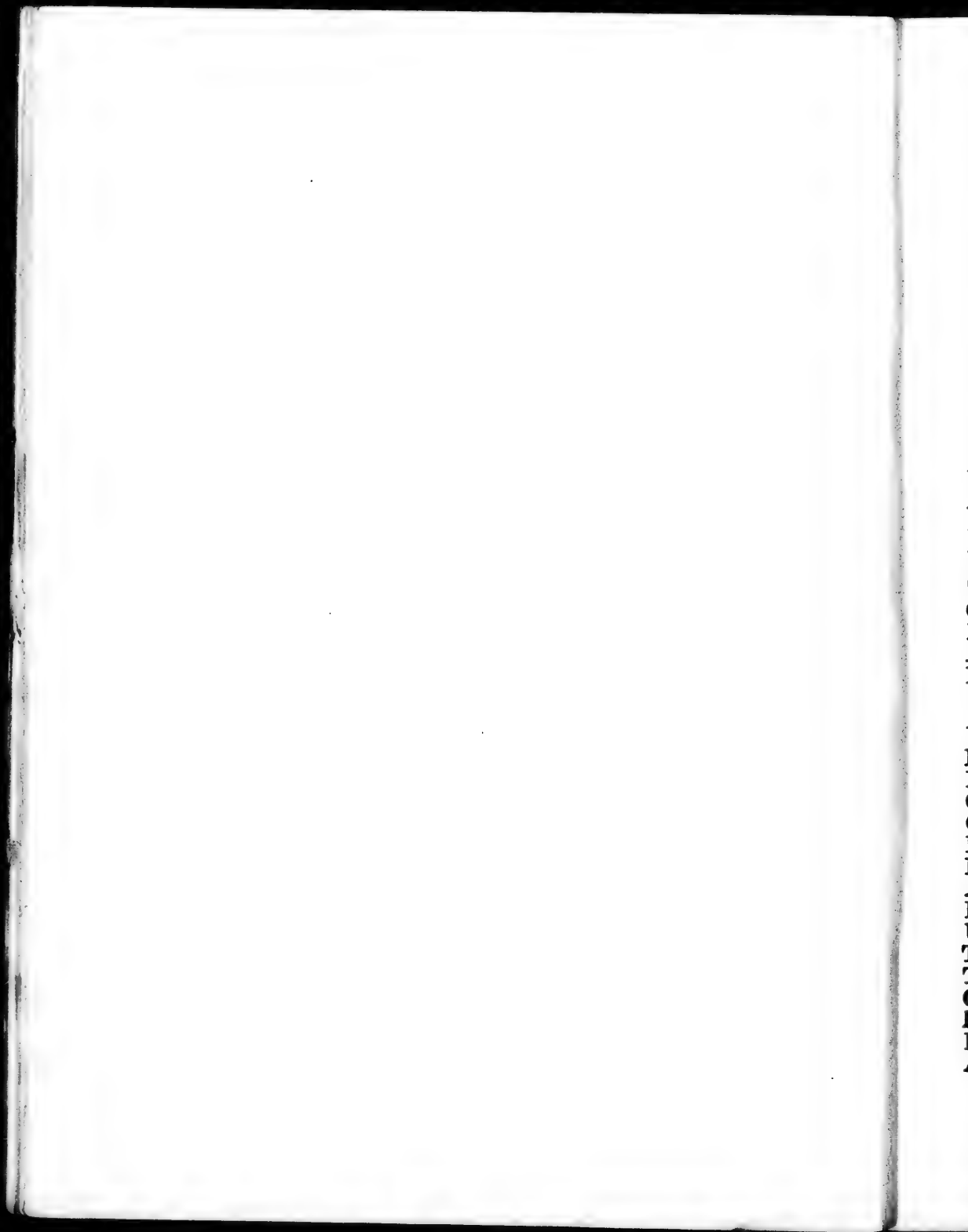
ST. PAUL AT THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.
MIGNON.—GOETHE.
EARLY GRAVES.—KLOPSTOCK.
WALTHER'S SONG.—SCHILLER.
THE ALPENJAEGER'S SONG.—SCHILLER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO PUSSY.
I AM NOT OLD.
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RELIGIOUS.



Let Down The Nets.

“**A**LL night we’ve toiled, and yet have nothing caught.”

So spake the wearied fisher to his Lord.
And I, disciple of a later day,
Look back upon the tiresome struggle past,
And say that all has been but gloomy night ;
And in the night, though dim, lone stars have shone,
And cast their glimmering sheen upon the wave,
My toil has been but fruitless. Years have sped
Their swift-winged flight, since first the zeal intense
Of youth’s enthusiasm, burning bright,
Made toil a pleasure, every danger joy,
And from the very air of contest gained
Fresh inspiration.

In the lonely woods,
Where the sweet res’nous odors of the pine
Regaled the sense olfactory, I roamed,
In silence deep, unbroken by the voice
Of beast or bird, save for the hollow beat
Of horse’s hoof that bore me on the way,
I trod the almost trackless forest path.
Deep plunged in winter’s snows, the northern cold,
And waters chill of streams unbridged, yet deep,
I braved ; the tim’rous bear, from quiet roused,
Unthinking, into stern antagonism ;
The yelping, howling wolves, beneath whose feet
The forest leaves and crackling branches flew,
Crawling at times, like thieves on murder bent,
I met, in midday sun and darkening night ;
In cold and wet and hunger I have been ;
And all for what? Was it to gain the wealth

Of hoarded riches, or applause of men,
That dearer is to some than mines of gold ?
O Lord ! thou knowest, not for things like these,
But that I might, in lowly homes unclean,
Far scattered, and remote from all that makes
Life's burdens sweeter, give thy tale of love,
And show to lonely men that God was near.
O Lord ! I toiled ; and yet it seems that still
I've nothing caught,—few souls for thee, and few
To tell me that I have not lived in vain.
Once, flashing eyes with genial mirth alive,
Told of the brimming, bright vitality
Of youthful hopes. But now, the sunken, sad
And melancholy eye-balls speak of hopes
Defeated, and of opportunities
Far gone beyond recall.

Thus from the depths
Of keen discouragement, I spoke to Him
Who never leaves and ne'er forsakes the souls
That love Him and obey.

Then suddenly
The Master cried : " Let down the nets ! The night
Is spent ; the daylight is at hand ; and now
As fishes, hungering at the dawn, in crowds
Rush to the spot where food congenial
Awaits the greedy appetite, so men
Are hungering for their God. Let down the nets !
There is no time to be a weakling. Soon,
The God who sent thee forth to fish for men
Will ask thee for thy reckoning. The age
Is hurrying to its destined end. All things
Are rushing to their crisis. To and fro,
Men hasten with swift steps, and what they do,
Do quickly. All the vacant spots of earth
Are well-nigh filled. Man's knowledge of the vast
And infinite unknown is near the verge
Of human safety. Currents strange, unsearched,
Of thought and feeling urge the human heart
To burst the bonds of ancient tyrannies.

In God's own Church, unwonted longings press
For widespread unity. The swarthy face
Of dark-eyed Orientals, far from home,
Beams with a kindly greeting from beneath
The tasselled fez on keen Americans.
The life of western lands invades the East.
The shrieking locomotive, and the train
Whose swift approach is heard in thunder tones,
Wake up the echoes of the hoary past.
The light electric shines in narrow streets
Of old Damascus, and the sacred Then
Is yielding to the no less sacred Now.
Let down the nets! The Master cometh soon.
Gather the motley hosts of earth, to greet
Their Savior when He comes. In love and prayer,
Let down the nets! Then crew shall call to crew
For help to save the eager multitude
That presses to be captured for their Lord.
The ready ships wait for their precious freight.
Servant of Jesus Christ, let down the nets!"



Clouds and Sun.

I found the following passage in a French biography of the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley ; and it suggested some verses.

“ Nous découvrons que véritablement le Créateur est tout, et que les créatures que nous sommes accoutumés à mettre à sa place depuis la chute, ne sont absolument que des néans, des nuages fugitifs auxquels notre soleil de justice a trouvé à propos de donner l'existence, et sur lesquels il a peint une partie de sa gloire ; il pourrait dans un instant les replonger pour toujours dans leur néant originel, et demeurer sans compétiteur, l'Etre existant par lui-même.”

THE clouds that flit before the morning's sun
Are of his own creation. One by one
They pass, with changing figure, in review,
And passing, mingle with the ethereal blue.
From tarn and rivulet and marsh they came,
Touched into being by his ardent flame.
Their brilliant roundness and their fleecy grace
Borrow their glow and beauty from his face.
They live for their short moment, then they die,
Brief creatures of the monarch of the sky.
But thou, O sun ! bright ruler of the day,
Abidest still, when clouds have passed away.
So ye, dear forms of earthly loveliness,
With which it pleases God our life to bless,
Ye summer fields, and mountains towering high,
Sweet home and friends, and merry, twinkling eye
Of prattling children, wisdom-laden tomes
Thro' whose rich fields the thoughtful student roams,
What are ye all but vapors of the mere,
Whose charms a moment last then disappear.
O God ! thou sun of all the heavens to me,
Dear are Thy gifts of friends and land and sea ;
Yet, in life's woe, in vain on them I call :
They live through Thee ; but Thou art all in all.

The Lord Thinketh.

† STOOD upon the crumbling beach,
And watched the flowing tide,
And scanned as far as eye could reach
The waters far and wide.

The fitting sails, now dark, now white,
Skimmed the unbroken main,
Where purpled shade and emerald bright
Died and appeared again.

The great waves beat upon the shore,
And broke in leaping spray,
While sandy hollows, o'er and o'er,
Filled, and like lakelets lay.

The hissing, bursting bubbles sped
Over their surface free ;
They burst and sank, like watery dead,
Into the common sea.

And then there came a thought to me
Out of the inf'nite blue :
“ Is man to sink in a common sea ?
Is he a bubble too ? ”

A voice replied : “ The Creator thinks,”
(The voice was calm and still),
“ And where is thought that never links
Itself to discerning will ? ”

Be comforted, poor trembling heart !
Though needy thou mayest be,
There waits for thee a nobler part
The Creator thinks for thee.”

To the Author of "The Mirage."

IN "VOICES OF DOUBT AND TRUST," P. 57.

YOU stood and watched a city fair,
And saw its spires and turrets rise,
It proved a phantom of the air
That vanished in the evening skies.

And then you said, "All life is vain:
Its hope is but a passing dream,
And faith and love from off the plain
Are swept as things that only seem."

'Tis true, imagination's play
Builds cities where no cities are,
And, with a false reflected ray,
Makes whitened plains seem lakes afar.

But who would count the transient gleams,
A rule for all there is of life,
And dream that all we see are dreams,
Yet knowing that the real is rife?

Beside the leper Simon's board
Leaned one who roused the wrath again
Of Sadducees against the Lord
Who spoiled the tomb where He had lain.

Were rising rage and ruthless hate
Mere waste against a baseless dream?
Or saw they not the scouted fate
Of man in Jesu's vision gleam?

The craven heart of shrinking men
In dark despair at Jesu's death,
Leaped out to hero's deeds again,
At sudden news: was that but breath?

Oh! troubled heart that fears deceit,
And shrinks from trusting things that seem,
Think not mirage is all you meet:
One yet shall make most real your dream.

Home Through the Storm.

THE keen winds chill me as I hurry past,
The cutting snow-flakes beat upon my brow,
Deep through the drifts my tedious way I plow,
And bend my head before the unkindly blast.

Yet, faintly through the storm, and glimmering far,
A dim light guides me on my trackless way ;
Twinkling, half blinded 'mid the tempest's play,
It breaks through darkness like a friendly star.

The light is reached, the door is opened wide,
Bright glows the fire that warms my home within,
With welcomes cheered, and children's prattling din,
I rest, and let the storm rage on outside.

So, when I've passed the storms of weary life,
Led by a light from our "Sweet Home" above,
Calm may I rest 'mid friends' and Jesu's love,
Freed from earth's anxious toil and jarring strife.

The Voice of the Pebbles.

WIDELY outstretch the waters of the mighty sea,
While shadows flit across its varied green ;
Winds fill the whitened sail, and bend the
yielding tree ;

Bright glints the sun from hurrying clouds between.
Slow roll the long-drawn waves upon the pebbly shore,
Beating their solemn bass-notes on the strand ;
The pebbles, rounded to one model more and more,
Wail feebly, crushed 'neath Ocean's moulding hand.

Yet, is there no sweet music in the mingled tones
Of beating wave, and grinding pebbles' wail ?
Sing they not low and tenderly of crushed hearts'
groans

That mortals send to Heaven in plaintive tale ?
Hear thou, my heart, the lessons of the pebbly shore :
"Heaven has a blessing in all griefs that are ;
Tho' sorrow's waves sweep o'er us in the tempest's roar,
They mould us to one perfect character.

O Light of Light Eternal.



LIGHT of Light eternal,
Offspring of Life divine,
With all thy gifts supernal,
Enter this heart of mine !

Before the world's foundation,
Or man began to be,
Ere angels' observation,
Thou reign'dst eternally.

Adown the passing ages,
Amid encircling gloom,
On all creation's pages,
The darkness gave thee room.

In Cyrus, the anointed,
On hills of Palestine,
Through prophets, God-appointed,
For man thou deign'dst to shine.

O Light that shinest clearly
Through all the works of God.
O Light beloved most dearly,
That mark'st where He hath trod;

O maiden-born that shrinest
God's everlasting Light,
O tent translucent, finest,
That far illum'st the night,

Beacon upon the island
Set in the trackless sea,
Shine from thy lonely highland,
Shine as a guide for me !

O Light of Light eternal,
Offspring of Life divine,
With all thy gifts supernal,
Enter this heart of mine !

To the Trinity.

FATHER of all, the only God,
Adored by saints who e'er have trod
The solid pathways of our world,
Or o'er its waves their flags unfurled,
Thou, whom to know is life of love,
On earth beneath, in heaven above,
Enduring while the soul endures,
Grant us that love that soothes and cures.

Son of the Mighty One on high,
Whom knowing never is to die,
In whom God's faithful ever see
His image and identity,
Thou, living near us day by day,
Who guardest all our wandering way,
From thy exalted victor's place,
Grant us for life thy saving grace.

O Holy Ghost, the Highest's power,
Whose heavenly gifts, in fiery shower,
Kindled the brain and tongue and heart
Of twelve who long had prayed apart,
Whose touch inspiring wakened life
In offspring of a maiden wife,
In holy fellowship combine
Our weak and erring hearts with thine.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
Three forms of true divinity,
Whose powers appear on land and sea,
Rousing sublimest poesy,
Shine with the light of Moses' face,
But clearer, on the human race,
Till Jew and Gentile, joined in one,
Adore the Father in the Son.

Christ and The Blind.

†T was upon the path to Jericho,
† And by the wayside sat, as was their wont,
† The blind man, Bartimæus, and the one
Who did his work and passed away unnamed
Upon the page of history, unknown
Even to two evangelists who tell
The varied tale.

The noise of hurrying feet
And rustling robes and babbling voices falls
Upon the abnormal keenness of their ears;
And quick they ask: "Who is it passes by?"
"'Tis Jesus from the hills of Nazareth,"
Reply the watchers of the passing crowd,
"'Tis he who from corruption and the tomb
Made Lazarus live again at Bethany.
And now he comes within the favored bounds
Of Jericho. Would that your eyes could see
This prophet strange, whose word inspiring calms
Th' unruly sea and wakes the dead."

The crowd
Goes hurrying past, and with it passes by
The golden opportunity that comes
But once to human lives, "Have mercy, Lord!"
One sudden cries, "Have mercy, David's son!"
The crowd is shocked. Shall royal David's son
Be halted by a frantic beggar's call?
Is this not he who yet shall Judah save,
And rescue from the thrall of hated Rome?
So they rebuke the man, and bid him cease
His unbecoming importunity.
"Have mercy, David's son!" again he cries.
'Tis his last chance; and like the man who falls
From some high cliff, and a projecting branch
Sieves and holds with keen avidity,
He cries again: "Have mercy, David's son!"
The multitude have passed, and with them, too,
The great Deliverer: But now the call
Of both the blind ones, in despairing hope,

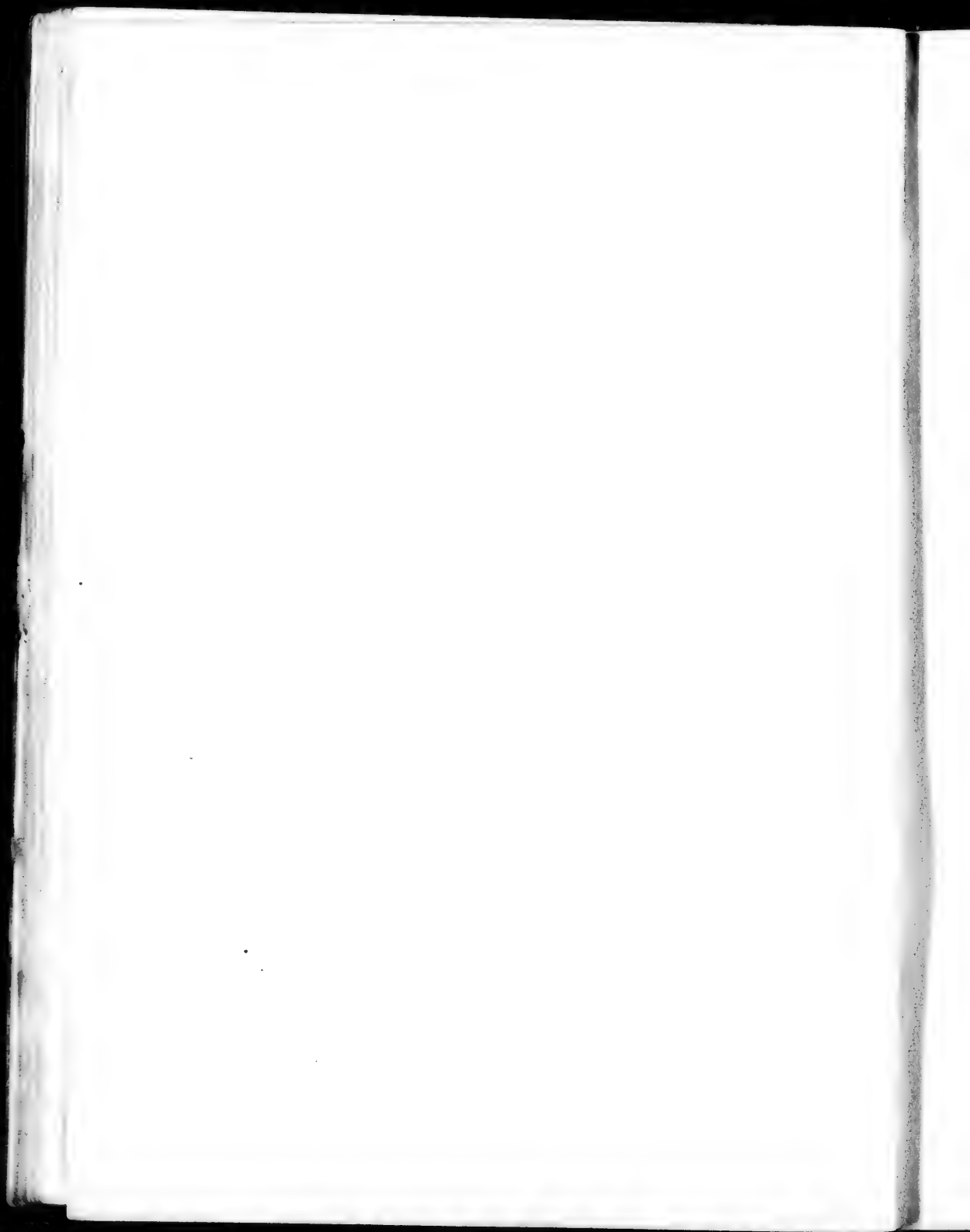
Rings with pathetic pleading in the ears
Of that Deliverer: "Have mercy, Lord!"
Did e'er those ears from cry of suffering hearts
Turn heedlessly away, or seek relief
From the sharp witness of another's pain?
He stops. He speaks. "Call them," he says.
And then the fickle multitude that erst
Had uttered harsh rebukes complacent turn
And lavish words of cheer. Those once despised
Are now received at court. The coming King
Has noticed them; and, so, into the ranks
Of the respected, the obsequious crowd
Eagerly welcomes them.

"What will ye, then,"
He kindly asks, "that I may do for you?"
"Sir, give us sight! We hear the tramp of men,
But see them not. The cattle in the fields
Call to their straying young. The birds aloft,
With their soft voices, sweetly shrill, prolong
Their wordless treble; and the busy wings
Of toiling insects hum their tiny bass.
We know that tender eyes of womanhood,
Of mother, sister, wife and playful child
Look on us pitying. All beauteous things
From us are hid. Open our blinded eyes,
That we may look upon the living world,
And helpless beggars be no longer!"

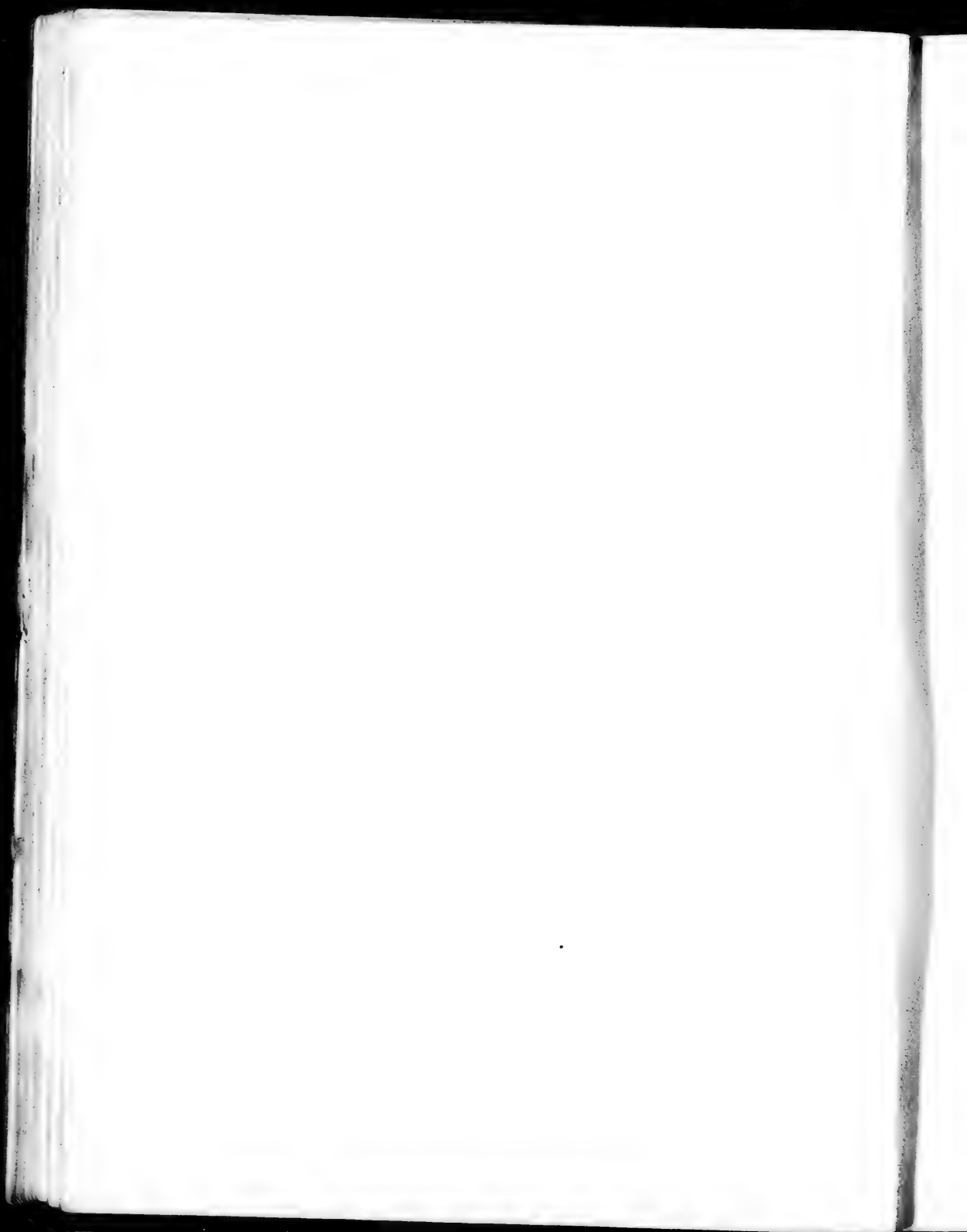
Then
The Savior touched them, and they saw. They saw
But him. They looked not at the gazing crowd.
The earth and sky with all their denizens
Attracted not their observation.

One,
And one alone their joyful vision held.
And then they followed him, forsaking all.
So we, when films of darkness from the mind
Christ clears with touch of heaven-born healing,
cry:

"Whom have I in the heavens but Thee? And
earth,
Besides Thyself, has none that I desire."



FRENCH AND GERMAN.



Le Soldat Canadien.

 CANADA, mon Canada,
Mon sol natal, mon beau pays,
Ta voix commande, et j'obéis :
La loyauté le décida. *et*

Tes ~~grandes~~ prairies, tes beaux lacs,
Tes doux villages, ta forêt,
A chanter bien je serai prêt,
Quand nous serons dans nos bivouacs.

A l'étranger, en peu de temps,
Il faut que j'aie, à conquérir.
Peut-être, ou bien, à y mourir :
C'est le destin réglant les camps.

L'empire appelle ! Entends ! Je viens !
Aux chers amis, aux très beaux lieux,
Le cor défend de longs adieux.
Allons ! Partons, concitoyens !

Schön Vögellein.

 U kommst mir nah' ? Was meinst du dann ?
Fürchtet's dich nicht vor starkem Mann',
Der leicht dein Leibchen tödten kann,
Er ist so groß, und du so klein,
Schön Vögellein ?

Erkennst du nicht sein rauhes Herz,
Wie er vertilget, ohne Schmerz,
Die schönste Schwachheit allerwärts ?
Er ist so grausam, du so fein,
Schön Vögellein.

Des Flusses Falls, der Frauenlieb',
Der zärtzten schönheit, (feiger Dieb),
Schändend die Form, er immer blieb,
Die innere Süsze saugend ein,
Schön Vögellein.

Du kommst mir doch mit Auges Licht',
Als unter Riesen rauh'm Gesicht'
Lä z' tief des Herzens sanft Gericht !
Recht hast du ! Recht ist Glaube dein' :
Oft strenge Schal' schlieszt Süsz'keit ein,
Schön Vögellein.

Beau P'tit Oiseau.

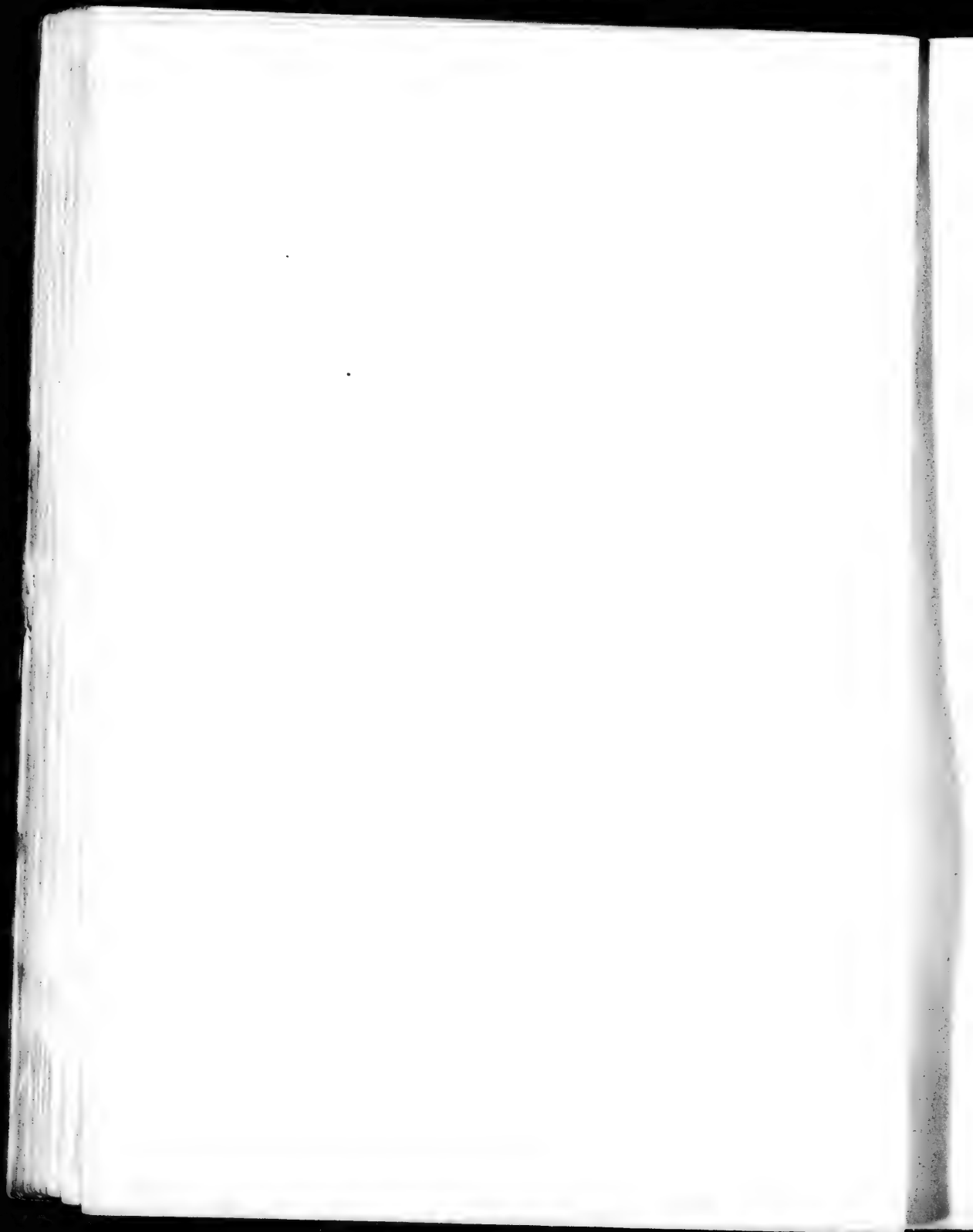
U viens auprès de ma grandeur,
Et, néanmoins, tu n'as pas peur !
Comment expliquer ton ardeur ?
Ne puis-je écraser ton cerveau,
Beau p'tit oiseau ?

N'entends-tu pas le mauvais cœur
De l'homme, qui est ravisseur
De tout amour, de tout honneur ?
Il est du faible une grand fléau,
Beau p'tit oiseau.

De la tendresse de la femme.
Il suce la douceur (l'infame !) ;
Et puis, il en rejette l'âme.
Le loup s'habille en peau d'agneau,
Beau p'tit oiseau.

Tu viens encore auprès de moi,
Comme si tu n'a pas d'effroi ;
Puis-je être donc digne de foi ?
Tu as raison, pauvre vanneau :
Géant n'est jamais tyranneau,
Beau p'tit oiseau.

TRANSLATIONS.



St. Paul at the Tomb of Virgil.

BY AN OLD MONK.

A^D Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piae rorem lachrymae.
Quantum, dixit, te fecissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime !

TRANSLATION.

O'er the tomb of Virgil bending,
With the dust his tear-drops blending,
—Tears the dew of piety,—
“In life,” he said, “had I but found thee,
What majesty might now surround thee,
Greatest prince of poetry !”

Mignon.

GOETHE. WILHELM MEISTER.

KENNST du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrthe still und hoch der Lorbeer steht ?
Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin ! Dahin !

Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus ? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an ;
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan ?
Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin ! Dahin !

Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg ?
Das Mauthier sucht in Nebel seinen Weg ;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut ;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Fluth.
Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin ! Dahin !
Geht unser Weg ! o Vater, las uns ziehn !

TRANSLATION.

Know'st thou the land where bright-hued lemons
grow ?
Where golden oranges 'mid verdure glow,
Where even from heaven's blue, the gentle breeze
Stirs not the myrtle and tall laurel trees ?
Know'st thou it well ?

Away ! Away !
Would, my belov'd, I there with thee might stray !
Know'st thou my home ? Its roof high pillars bear.
Dazzle with light the hall and chambers there.
Each marble form observes me carefully,
And cries : " Poor child ! what have they done to
thee ?"
Know'st thou it sure ?

Away ! Away !
Would, O my guide, I there with thee might stray !

Know'st thou the mount whose path 'mid clouds
ascends ?
The mule, in mist, seeks where it guidance lends ;
In hollows lurks the serpent's ancient brood ;
The rock descends, and o'er it sweeps the flood.
Know'st thou it then ?

Away ! Away !
Our path leads on ! O father, let us stray !

Early Graves.

KL 'STOCK.

WILKOMMEN, o silberner Mond,
Schöner, stiller Gefährt' der Nacht!
Du entfliehst? Eile nicht, bleib', Gedanken
freund!
Sehet, er bleibt; das Gewölk wallte nur
hin.

Des Maies Erwachen ist nur
Schöner noch, wie die Sommernacht,
Wenn ihm Thau, hell wie Licht, aus der Locke träuft,
Und zu dem Hügel herauf röthlich er kommt.

Ihr Edleren, ach es hewächst
Eure Maale schon ernstes Moos!
O wie glücklichh war ich, als ich noch mit euch
Sah sich rothen den Tag, schimmern die Nacht.

TRANSLATION.

Welcome sweet companion of the night,
Thou quiet, silver moon!
Ha! dost thou hide thee from my sight
Behind the clouds so soon?
Flee not, O thought-inspiring friend, but with me
stay!
See! it remains: 'tis but the clouds that haste away.
Beauteous is thy round and glowing face,
In summer evenings seen;
But greater is the loveliness
Of May's awakened sheen,
When she with glowing hues adorns the distant hills.
And, from her locks, the dew, with flashing light
distils.

Nobler spirits! though your monument
The sombre moss o'ergrows,
More beauty early graves present
Than moon and May disclose.
O for the reddening eve of life's long weary day!
O for the glimmering night that calls to rest away!

Walther's Song.

SCHILLER. WILHELM TELL, iii., 1.

MIT dem Pfeil, dem Bogen,
Durch Gebirg und Thal
Kommt der Schütz gezogen
Früh am Morgenstrahl.

Wie im Reich der Lüfte
König ist der Weih,—
Durch Gebirg and Klüfte
Herrscht der Schütze frei.

Ihm gehört das Weite,
Was sein Pfeil erreicht,
Das ist seine Bente,
Was da kreucht and fleugt.

TRANSLATION.

Over hill and valley,
Armed with shaft and bow,
Comes the archer early
While the sun is low.

As the glede-kite's pinion
Rules in air its flight,
The archer holds dominion
Over cleft and height.

All within his seeing
That his dart can slay,
On feet or pinions fleeing,
Is the hunter's prey.

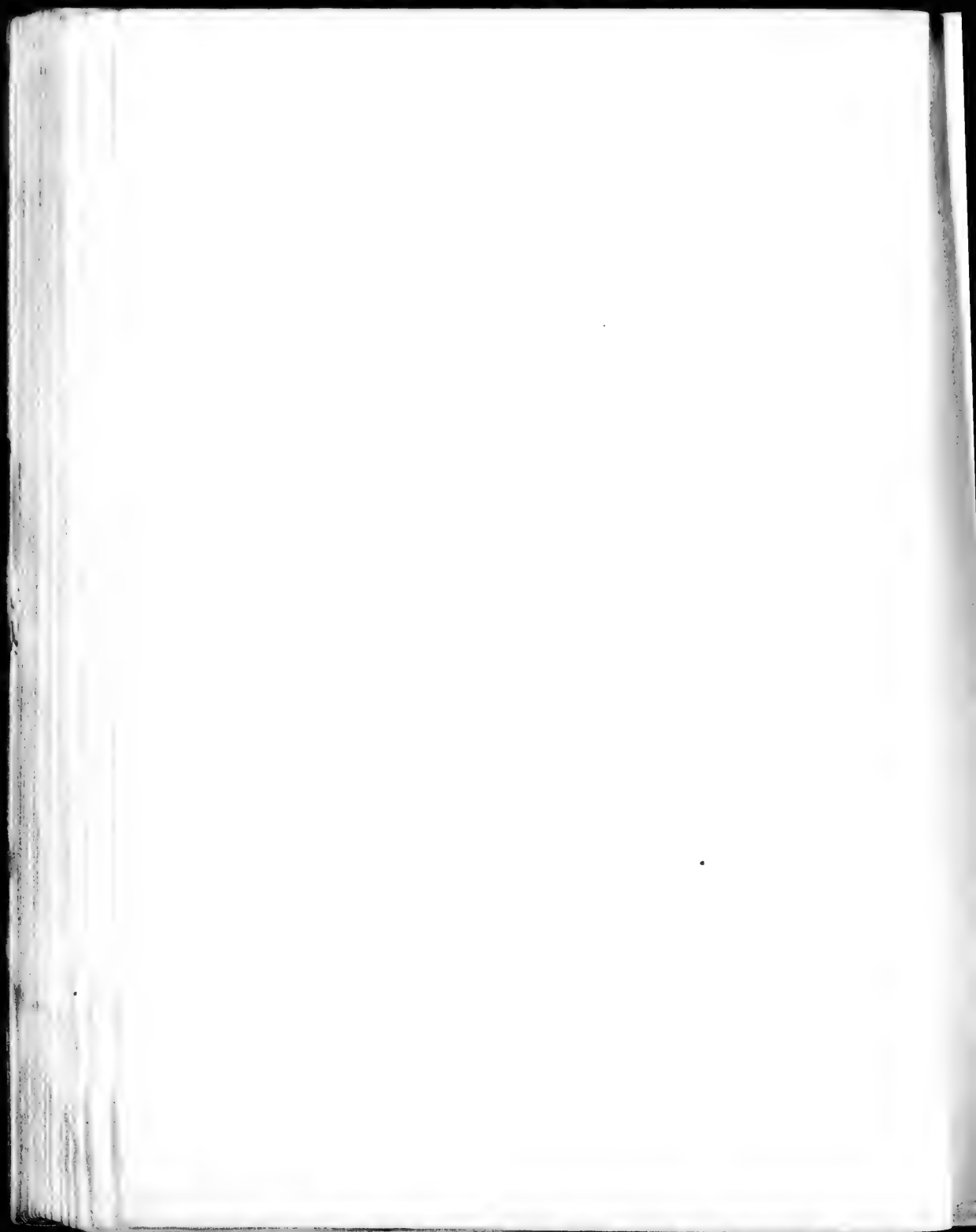
The Alpenjaeger's Song.

SCHILLER. WILHELM TELL, i., 1.

Es donnern die Höhen, es zittert der Steg,
Nicht grauet dem Schützen auf schwindlichem
Weg;
Er schreitet verwegen
Auf Feldern von Eis;
Da pranget kein Frühling,
Da grünet kein Reis;
Und unter den Füßen ein neblisches Meer,
Erkennt er die Städte der Menschen nicht mehr;
Durch den Riß nur der Wolken
Erblickt er die Welt,
Tief unter den Wassern
Das grünende Feld.

TRANSLATION.

The heights echo thunder and trembles the bridge,
Yet fears not the hunter on each dizzy ridge;
On ice-fields with daring
He manfully treads,
Where Spring never wakens,
Nor flowers lift their heads;
And under his feet lies a mist-fashioned sea
That hides from his vision where cities may be;
Through rifts in the cloud-mass,
A glimpse of earth's green,
Deep under the waters
Alone can be seen.



MISCELLANEOUS.



To Pussy.

MY little pet cat,
Lying stretched on the mat,
Your slumbers are such,
And you're growing so fat,
That I doubt very much
If a mischievous rat,
Or even the daintiest bit of a mouse
That ever played havoc with things in a house,
Could rouse you to ire,
Or tempt you away from the side of the fire.

But, ah! Mistress Puss,
What a horrible muss
Of your pretty white face
You've made with your fuss
In so dirty a place
As a coal-scuttle! Thus
You see, without doubt, 'tis a truth *categoric*,
With nothing about it at all *metaphoric*,
That white fur can't play
With coal-dust, and from it come spotless away.

I Am Not Old.

YOU tell me I am old, my friend?
I am not old!
You point me to my group of boys,
And say they are not boys, but men,
That my few hairs are white; and then
You ask: "What tales of youthful joys
May yet be told
In the short years that soon must end?"

You say my "dead line" has been passed,
And unto youth
Must be resigned life's busy stage,
That pulpit, bar and statesman's halls,
That counting-house and workman's walls,
Have neither wealth nor work for age.

It is not truth !
I will resist it to the last.

And if it were, what reck's it me ?
I am not old !

So far as count the gliding years,
I have seen more of them than you ;
But reckoning age by power to do,
Who says that I must yield to fears ?
Is my blood cold ?

Or has my eye lost power to see ?
Note yonder tree of goodly girth,
Before you go,
Its bird's-eye dottings, and the whorls
That years have bound through day and night
Into the maple's sturdy might,
And toughened into graceful curls :

It lies so low !
Who felled its stately head to earth ?
And in the realms of heart and thought,

Where problems bold
In trackless pathways try the mind,
On heights where foot of giddy youth
Wanders aside from ways of truth,
Do prudent years not safety find ?

I am not old !
Both arm and brain with youth are fraught.
And, in the halls which men unfold,

Where kindling voice
On music-cords of human hearts
Sweet pathos or wild passion thrills,
Is there no power my spirit fills,
To rouse men yet to nobler parts ?

I still rejoice :
It is not years that make men old.

Lines to Miss D.

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF W. H. FURNESS'S TRANSLATION OF SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

LOOK not with scorn upon the outward casing
Of the small gift I here to you present.
Upon its edge appears no golden chasing,
And to its pages no rich gloss is lent.

Yet modest raiment oft is found concealing
A worth no gaudy tinsel can adorn :
No gorgeous plumage decks the lark, appealing
To the bright ruler of the breaking morn.

Even here, the beauteous thought of German Schiller,
Cast in the English mould of Furness, well
May help to make life's stormy turmoil stiller,
When pealed as varied music from the Bell.

Think Kindly.

THINK kindly of thy brother man,
Although he follow not the plan
Thou deemest best :
'Tis cruel, oft for one to scan,
Himself imperfect, or to ban
Th' imperfect rest.

In northern lake or forest glade,
The beauty comes from varied shade,
With glints of light :
No islet-form is perfect made,
No leafy group, nor grassy blade
With dew-drop dight.

Thou know'st thy brother's sad offence,
But hast thou given diligence
To learn the cause ?
Or thinkest thou he lacks the sense
Of his own fault and impotence
'Gainst nature's laws ?

If, shrinking far, he roams apart,
Think not that in his inmost heart
He thee contemns :
Mayhap in solitude the dart
Of some sharp sorrow gives its smart,
And mirth condemns.

The clouded brow, the look distraught,
The word that seemed with poison fraught,
Not courtesy,
Springing from some quick, rankling thought
That from the past the memory caught,
Were not for thee.

Could each the secret sorrow know
That crushes e'en his bitt'rest foe,
'T would hate repress,
And over life the sunset glow
That decks the mirrored lake bestow
In tenderness.

Stoney Lake.

THE isles are asleep on the peaceful lake,
The mountains, away through the vistas green,
Like dim and distant clouds are seen,

The light mist dwells
On the gentle swells,

Ere the sun and the breeze are awake.
The flower that on the lake-edge blooms
Gracefully waves its brilliant plumes,
And nods as the waters rise and fall.

Like a ghost in old cathedral piles,
The white tent hides in the leafy aisles.
In the calm of the unawakened morn,
To the listening ear no sound is borne,
From wind or leaf or winding horn ;
But, like a reproachful spirit's call,
The plaintive voice of a lonely bird
Wailing out from afar is heard.

What doth it say
In the distance away,

As over the distance its accents break ?
It calls in a mournfully startling cry :
"The hours of labor and conflict are nigh,
"Come, view, ere the morning sun arise,
"The valleys where sleeping beauty lies.
"In the wilderness calm, and in dawn's dim light,
"Jehovah his prophets inspires with might,
"Then up from your slumbers ! Awake ! Awake !

The Storm.

AN arch of cloud across the sky,
A double fringe of dark below,
A rustle of leaves as the breeze goes by,
The arch and the dark come still and slow.

The white-sailed yacht is turned for home,
Under the shelter of cliff and pine ;
The waves are capped with fleecy foam :
Vain is the yachtsman's wise design.

Sudden the roar of rushing wind,
The tall pines creak, the white birch bends,
Long billows roll while, close behind,
O'er darkened main wild rain descends.

Hark ! 'tis the thunder's rattling crash,
Making the throbbing heart-beat still,
Following the quivering lightning's flash,
With terror's and beauty's mingled thrill !

The heavens grow wild with lightning's glare,
The thunders deep incessant roar,
The rains, that now the semblance wear
Of mottled mist, now torrents pour.

But now, far off, on distant hills,
The flashes fall, the thunders roll,
The rain is checked. The tiny rills
Have ceased to rush from knoll to knoll.

Far out, on heaving billows tossed,
Appears the boatman's tiny bark.
The mother's son, given up for lost,
Is standing seen in raiment dark.

Slowly the crew, with dampened sail,
Struggle to master wind and wave.
Thank God ! to-night no mother's wail
Tells of the loss of yachtsman brave.

The Australian Twenty.

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HERE were twenty men from the southern land,
The land that lies in the sun-lit sea ;
And they saw the flash of the flaming brand
That warned of a conflict yet to be.

They thought of their Queen and her empire wide,
Of her enemies and their treachery ;
And their voice came over the rolling tide :
“ If your Majesty needs us, here are we ! ”

Then the Queen replied to her southern men :
“ The hour has come ; and the empire’s need
Summons defenders from city and fen,
Welcome, ye sons of Australian breed ! ”

Out on the veldt under Afric’s sun,
Rode on their chargers a little band.
Twenty men had their warfare begun,
Twenty brave men in the blinding sand.

Keenly they watched o’er the dusty plain,
For the sight of an emeny near or far ;
Keenly they listened again and again
For sounds that might tell of the dangers of war.

But, silent as death behind bushes and rock,
Boer rifles in hundreds awaited their prey,
Sharp was their rattle and fearful the shock,
When strong men dying in agony lay.

“ Surrender,” the Boer cries, “ or perish each man ! ”

“ Australians never surrender,” they say,

“ We’re here, come and take us, if take us you can ; ”

And the living prepare, o’er their dead, for the fray.

The Boers rush for capture ; but, falling like rain,
Australian weapons are dyed in their blood.

But, alas ! for the twenty. They struggle in vain.

O’erwhelmed and o’erpowered, they fell where they
stood.

Shall their deed be forgotten ? The rousing cry
Of the twenty, dying for Britain’s weal,—

“ We never surrender ! We conquer or die ! ”

Shall live while the heart of a Briton can feel.

We Are Brothers.

"Our recently naturalized fellow-citizens, of a different blood and different religion, must not suppose that we are going to forget our inborn love for the mother to whom we owe our being."—O. W. Holmes. "Our Hundred Days in Europe," p. 310.

Two great nations, pressing forward,
One on land and one on sea,
In the work that God has given us,
Kinsmen, shall we brothers be?

One in laws and one in language,
Members of one family,
In the bonds of noble purpose,
Kinsmen, let us brothers be!

One is wise through length of ages :
One, from ancient trammels free.
Witnesses for one Redeemer,
Kinsmen, shall we brothers be?

One for acres of the other,
Gained from her own treasury,
Still the debt historic beareth : (1)
Kinsmen, let us brothers be!

Call not one "Oppressive mother."
Say not of the other : "She
Is but a rebellious daughter :"
Kinsmen, let us brothers be!

NOTE (1)—A large part of Britain's national debt was incurred by her war with France, by which she acquired her American territories. The United States now has the acres, England still has the debt.

What though petty int'rests differ,
Wherefore yield to jealousy?
Prosp'rous hand the foot ne'er injures :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

Let the world of now not in us
Heirs of ancient quarrels see.
Each has proved the other's mettle :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

If our fathers in mad anger,
Fought their kindred, why should we ?
Through our strife the world would perish :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

Hear ye not the nations' thunder ?
Coming storm do ye not see ?
In the clash of threat'ning battle,
Kinsmen, stand like brothers we !



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To a Maple Leaf.

POOH faded, dried and withered leaf,
Thy life has painful been and brief,
And now it ends,
Thy time is numbered not by years,
With only months it disappears,
When winter's chill thy vigor sears
And death-wind sends.

In spring appears thy tender green,
Where branches brown and bare have been.
Their sap gone dry.
In summer, 'mid companions bright,
Verdant and pure, the eye's delight,
Darkly above the grasses light,
Thy beauties lie.

September comes with altered tints,
And gold and scarlet hues imprints
Upon thy cheek.
Then, when the ruthless gales increase,
Thou fleest afar to find surcease
Of wearying usefulness, and peace
From tempests bleak.

But thou hast done thy ordered task,
And who is he who more could ask
Of leaf or men?
Without thy toil, the maple tree
Of grace and strength would cease to be.
Thou di'st; but thy works follow thee,
And live again.

Like leaves we live, like leaves we die.
Our brief existence passes by:
Our work remains.
Of leaves and men, the common lot
Is, after work, to be forgot,
Save by the one who fails us not
In all our pains.

Lines.

Written on finishing the reading of Prof. Goldwin Smith's
"Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," Aug. 20, 1897.

Keep me, Christ, through thy salvation,
Mid the surging of the waves ;
Beneath swings keel without foundation ;
Above, the howling tempest raves.

Darkness broods upon the waters,
Lights are dim upon the shore,
Faith, in strongest bosoms, falters :
Keep me, keep me evermore !